CHESTERTOWN NEWSPAPER GOSSIP TRANSCRIPT.

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THE PLATER TRIAL.

WRITTEN FOR THE TRANSCRIPT.

Out on the snow! how came she there,
With her pallid cheek, and her frosty hair,
And her half-closed eye, with the death-cold stare?
Poor senseless clay!

Lying dead in the wintry night,
What trouble was hers, or pain, or fright,
Ending in sudden and total blight?
Ah! well a day!

Did she meet with death in a drifting snow,
While her body and brain were yet aglow,
And only a few short steps to go
To reach her door?

Is it the same heart-rending tale
Borne to our ear with many a wail—
From Western open and forest vale—
Oft heard before?

Alas! alas!—she has missed her way;
Not in the mist and the blinding spray—
But in as sure—and a sadder way.
A wife was she.

Lying there in that biiter night;
The stars looked down on a mournful sight—
While he who had sworn to be her knight,
A *coward* he—

Sat housed, and fed, and careless of all!
He had nailed his window, and bolted his hall—
And vainly she might in her anguish call,
Fast closed his ear.

And so through the lone and pitiless night,
She lay in her anguish and pain and fright—
And when morning came she was dead outright.
Had he no fear?

What of the love he had sworn to bear,
What of the tender and cherishing care,
He had offered once to the dead form there?
Alas! alas!

She was only his wife; and he was not bound
To lift from the cruel and frozen ground
The head he had once with kisses crowned.
So let it pass.

The Judge and Jury have had their say—
It was all arranged in the proper way,
And who but a *woman* would say them nay—
For men are kings.

And loving vows are as light as air;
And men are not perjured if they should swear
False oaths to the women they call so fair.
And wedding rings,

Are badge of a yoke for the *wife* to wear.
He may shut her out in the death-cold air—
Six years, are all they will give him there.
Alas! alas!

She hath found her home where she sought it not—
And there is a final bar I wot,
Where *earthly* Jury and Judge are not.
So let it pass.

WEDDINGS "OUT WEST."

BY MRS. T. H. JOHNSON.

"There, Flora, is the door bell again, will you go?"

Soon Flora returned with a roguish smile, saying, "Auntie, I guess there is to be another wedding, a spruce young man inquires for the parson."

"I cannot think who it can be," said I, "but as you are just from New England, where they are famous for guessing, it is possible you are right; if so you must attend."

So it proved. The wedding was to be on Thanksgiving Eve, five miles from the city of La Harpe, Illinois.

It was late on a clear, star-light evening in November—the ground frozen hard, but smooth as a floor—when the gay pony and carriage returned, and Flora in high spirits, with rosy cheeks, stepped lightly from it, and tripped into the house exclaiming, "O Auntie, I do wish you had been there, it was so comical! It was in a log cabin: and when uncle and I rode up, the long porch was filled with men—some smoking, some chewing—waiting our arrival. They just made room for us to alight and pass in, but evidently feared they should lose a moment's gaze. The matron came to the door to welcome us, and we were ushered into a large room—the only room in the house—filled with the company."

There were two beds in the room, and a fire-place nearly as long as one side of the house, with a whole pile of logs inside, all glowing in a sheet of flame. It was no cold reception.

In the centre of the room was a long table, which seemed to groan under the weight of turkey, chickens, puddings, pies, cakes, preserves, jellies and everything the house could afford.

On the wide hearth was an iron kettle, with coals of fire on the cover. Soon after we entered they all ceased talking, and nothing was heard save the tea kettle suspended from the iron crane in the chimney, singing merrily in anticipation of the coming scene.

Then the father said to uncle:

"You can marry her now." And motioning to his daughter, he said, "Get your place there," pointing to a little spot between the two beds.

When the couple stood together, turning to the minister he said,

"There, I reckon you can go ahead." As soon as the ceremony was ended, the aged father began to wipe his eyes with his coat sleeves—first one sleeve, and then the other—saying, though hardly able to speak—

"You married one of my "darters" before—and now you have married another—and so they are all goin' off to leave us."

The mother, with eyes dimmed by falling tears, covered her face with her new checked apron.

There was one "darter" still left—a large stout girl, with dull eyes and freckled face, remarkable for a look of stolid honesty, and for a lack of anything like energy or beauty. She stood all this time in the chimney corner chewing gum.

I said to her afterward, "You will not be married too, and leave your parents, will you?"

She smiled, nodded, and chewed on. I did not dare lift my eyes to uncle. I knew I should burst out laughing. It was nothing but romance to me—but real life to them.

"Well, Flora," I said,—"we have witnessed many romances of real life, let me tell you of some."

"Once a young man called at the door, and inquired, 'does the minister live here?'"

"As he did not say which minister—there being several in the place—I replied, suspecting his errand, 'He does,' and invited him in.

But he declined, and asked, "Can I see him?"

The study door being ajar, he heard the conversation, and appeared; when the stranger said, 'Will you marry me?"

"When do you wish the ceremony?"

"Now. Right away."

"How so? Where is your lady?"

"There she is," said he, pointing to the street, where a young miss stood waiting.

He called to her—beckoning with his hand—'come,' 'come.'

We all went into the parlor, he presented his license and took a seat remote from his lady love. As soon as the ceremony was performed, taking a long breath he exclaimed, as he sat down, 'Is that all?' When assured 'that is all,' he replied,

"If that ain't the quickest that I was ever married in my life."

"Taking out his wallet he inquired, "What's to pay?"

"Anything you choose," he was told. So he chose to present one dollar; and soon they were walking away, hand in hand, with bright anticipations to meet life's unseen joys and sorrows together."

"O!" said Flora. "I wish there might be another wedding before I return home, We don't have such funny things in Boston. I would like to hear of some more. Are they all like these?"

"O, no indeed! Once the happy bridegroom gave your uncle twenty-five dollars in gold. One Sabbath he preached in a rapidly growing village on the Mississippi river. The next day he attended the wedding of a young man of influence from Quincy, afterwards a banker."

A large company of the leading citizens were assembled—the whole house was illuminated—a rich banquet was provided, and late in the evening strange noises were heard in the street, all manner of musical instruments, clarionet, fifes, drums, horns, tin pans, etc. It was what they called a "chivaree," and they persisted in the din and confusion; sometimes firing off pistols, to the alarm of the ladies in the house, till the groom sent their leader a gold piece to desist, and by their request stood with his bride at the open door in the hall.

"The outside crowd—invisible in the darkness—then gave the fair looking pair three cheers, wishing them much happiness, and quietly departed.

"This is the only instance of chivareeing we have witnessed, though formerly it was not uncommon.

"I will tell you of another wedding.—A large party of us were assembled, and the newly married couple were honored with seats near the head of the table—A bountiful repast, as usual, was provided. The enchanted young husband, in passing a plate loaded with turkey, dressing, etc., to his bride, tipped the contents into her lap.

"She received his kind attention meekly for the time, but after dinner, when she retired to her room, and her friends were trying to erase some of the spots from her beautiful silk, she exclaimed from the fulness of her pent-up feelings:

"So much for marrying John."

"By the next day, however, he was *all right*: when the whole company attended the "*Infair*" at his father's house, six miles distant.

"It was a delightful carriage ride for the bridal party, and they were there welcomed with another wedding feast."

"Why, Auntie, how much these "Infairs" at the bridegroom's house, are like the ceremonies at Oriental weddings! They have had a similar custom for centuries, and it might well be retained by us."

"When you are married, Flora you can have several days of feasting if you choose."

"One instance, I remember when the profusion of cake lasted for months. It was a lovely June evening, and the streets of the beautiful village of C——were full of people, all going to the Seminary; for there was to be a wedding that evening. Miss B. a New England teacher, was to married. She had taught two years in that place, and won the respect and love of all the scholars. They had decorated the walls of the room with garlands, and festoons—it was fragrant with roses.—Though the house was crowded, yet perfect stillness reigned, and a few minutes before the ceremony was to take place, the bridal party entered and took their places. The bride was dressed in white, with a long bridal veil, and white flowers arranged in her dark curls.

"During the evening there was quite a pleasant surprise—the bride was presented with a handsome silver tea set from her scholars, as a token of their love and kind wishes.

"The next day a fine carriage and span of dark ponies took the bridal party twenty miles across the beautiful green prairie to their new home. What was their surprise to find several large loaves of rich frosted cake, and many valuable presents on the table in the centre of the room."

"O, Auntie! that must have been you and uncle Henry."

"Well Flora, lest others should be as good at guessing, I will tell no more."

THE ORIGIN OF PHILOPŒNA.

A LITTLE STORY FROM THE GERMAN.

There was once a beautiful princess who had a great fondness for almonds, and ate them constantly, but nothing would induce her to marry, and in order to rid herself of her suitors, of whom there were a great number, she invented the following device: To every prince who sought her hand, she presented the half of a double almond, while she ate the other half, and said: "If your lordship can succeed in getting me to take anything from your hand before I say the word "I remember" then I am ready to become your bride.—But, if on the contrary, you receive anything from me without thinking to speak these words, then you must agree to have the hair shaven entirely off your head and leave the kingdom.

This, however, was an artful stratagem, for according to the court custom, no one dared to hand anything directly to the princess, but first to the court lady, who then offered it to her. But if, on the other hand, the princess should desire to give or take anything, who could refuse her? So it was useless for her suitors to make the trial, for when they seemed likely to be successful, and had diverted the princess so that she was about to take something from them, the court-lady always stepped between and spoiled the best laid plan.

When the princess wished to dispose of one of them, she would appear so charming and encouraging to him, that he would be entirely fascinated, and when he sat at her feet, overcome with joy, then she would seize upon anything near her, as though by accident: "Take this as a remembrance of me," and when he had it in his hands, before he could think or speak the necessary words, there would spring out at him, from it, perhaps a frog or a hornet, or a bat, and so startle him that he would forget the words. Then upon the spot, he was shaven, and away with him. This went on for many years, and in all the palaces of the other kingdoms the princes were wigs. Thus it came to be the custom from that time.

Finally it happened that a foreign prince came upon some peculiar business, and by accident saw the almond princess. He thought her very beautiful, and at once perceived the stratagem. A friendly little gray man had given him an apple that once a year he was privileged to smell, and then there came in his mind a very wise idea, and he had become much renowned on account of his deep wisdom. Now, it was exactly time for him to make use of his apple. So, with the scent from it came this warning:

"If thou wouldst win the game of giving and taking, under no circumstances must thou either give or take anything."

So he had his hands bound in his belt, and went with his marshal to the palace, and asked to be allowed to eat his almond. The princess was secretly much pleased with him, and immediately handed him an almond, which his marshal took and placed in his mouth. The princess inquired what this meant, and, moreover, why he constantly carried his hands in his girdle.

He replied that at his court the custom was even more strongly enforced than at hers, and he dared not give or take anything with his hands, at the most, only with his head and feet. Then the princess laughed and said:

'In this case we will never be able to have our little game together.'

He sighed and answered:

'Not unless you will be pleased to take something from my boots.'

'That can never happen!' exclaimed the whole court.

'Why have you come hither,' asked the princess, angrily, 'when you have such stupid customs?'

'Because you are so beautiful,' replied the prince. 'And if I cannot win you, I may at least have the pleasure of seeing you.'

'On the other hand, I have no similar gratification,' said she.

So the prince remained at the palace, and he pleased her more and more, but when the humor seized her, she tried in every manner to persuade him to take his hands from his girdle and receive some from her. She also entertained him charmingly, and frequently offered him flowers, bonbons, and trinkets, and finally her bracelet; but not once did he forget and stretch out his hand to take them, for the pressure of his girdle reminded him in time. So he would nod to his marshal, and he received them, saying, 'We remember.'

Then the princess would become impatient, and would exclaim, 'My handkerchief has fallen! can your lordship pick it up for me?' Whereupon the prince would fasten his spur into it, and wave it carelessly, while the princess would have to bend and remove it from his foot, angrily saying, 'I remember.'

Thus a year passed away, and the princess said to herself:

'This cannot remain so. It must be settled in one way or the other.'

She said to the prince:

'I have one of the finest gardens in the world. I will show your lordship over it to-day.'

The prince smelt of his apple, and as they entered the garden, he said:

'It is very beautiful here, and in order that we may walk near each other in peace and not be disturbed by the desire to try our game, I beg you, my lady, that for this one hour, you will take upon you the custom of my court, and let your hands also be fastened. Then we will be safe from each other's arts, and there will be nothing to annoy us.'

The princess did not feel very safe about this arrangement, but he begged so strongly that she could not refuse him this small favor. So they went on alone together, with their hands fastened to their girdles. The birds sang, the sun shone warmly, and from the trees the red cherries hung so low that they brushed their cheeks as they passed. The princess saw them, and exclaimed:

'What a pity that your lordship is not able to pick a few for me.'

'Necessity knows no law,' said the prince, and he broke one of the cherries with his teeth from a branch, and offered it to the princess from his mouth.

The princess could not do otherwise than receive it from his mouth, and so her face was brought close to his. So when she had the cherry between her lips, and a kiss from him besides, she was not able to say at that instant, 'I remember.'

Then he cried, joyfully, 'Good morning, much loved one;' and drew his hands from his girdle, and embraced her. And they spent the rest of their lives together in perfect peace and happiness.

THE GREAT FARMER'S LEAGUE OF IOWA.

The Farmers of Iowa have united for the purpose of mutual protection and advantage. Their object is to work together, through paid agents of their own, in obtaining the best rates on what they buy and sell. This united action being in secret, and their sales and purchases being made in bulk, they are enabled to often dictate their prices and choose their market.

A correspondent of the New York World, writing from Des Moines says:

The State Grange has just held its second annual meeting, having been in session here five days. It is composed of masters of subordinate granges and their wives who are matrons. Past masters and their wives who are matrons, are eligible to office, but not entitled to vote.—All the meetings, are held in secret, but not so very dark as to completely defy reporters.

It has leaked out that this five days' meeting was attended by about 800 delegates, representing a membership of 35,000. It was the largest representative body ever assembled in the State. All its deliberations were characterized by moderation and decision. The first constitution of the Grange was not suitable to the enlarged demands of the order, so a new one was adopted. A memorial was sent to Congress, asking for a law regulating freights and fares of all railroads within the United States. Another was sent to the Legislature petitioning for relief from the burdensome tariffs and soulless discriminations of State railroads. A despatch was sent to the President requesting him to veto the bill confirming title of land to Rock Island Railroad.—The incorporation of the Grange under the laws of the State was ordered. Next annual meeting was fixed at Des Moines in December next. A commitee was appointed to look into the matter of subscribing for stock in the new implement manufactory at Waterloo. The plan is for $200,000 capital, $50,000 of which is already invested—$35,000 in buildings and $12,000 in machinery. A favorable consideration was urged and a further investigation ordered. D. W. Adams resigned the office of Master of the National Grange. A. B. Smeddly, of Cresco, Howard county, was chosen to fill the vacancy. M. L. Devin, of Des Moines, was elected Treasurer; William Duane Wilson, of Des Moines, was elected Secretary. General agents were appointed for each of the five east and west railroads, whose special duty it is to look after grange interests.

By report of the Executive Committee it was shown that there are 778 granges in the State, with a membership of 34,058. In December, 1871—the last annual meeting—there were only 89 granges, with a membership of 2,447.

The gross receipts for the year were $10,734.95; expenditures, $2,300. At this meeting $8,473 was paid to delegates for mileage. The Master's salary was fixed at $700 a year; Treasurer's $200; members of the Executive Committee, $150.

As to their doings and purposes a synopsis is given. Nearly a third of all the grain warehouses and elevators in the State are either owned or controlled by these granges; no less than 5,000,000 bushels of grain were shipped out of the State by them in the eighteen months prior to last December. The cattle and hogs thus shipped are almost innumerable. On all these the returns show an increased income to the farmer of from 10 to 30 per cent, compared with the sums formerly received from local purchasers or other middle-men. The Grange purchases of the different kinds of implements show a saving of at least $365,000.

During the present year not less than $400,000 will be invested by the farmers in the establishment of manufactories and elevators, thus creating a home market by bringing in skilled labor.

In Northern Iowa especially has the Grange prospered. In that locality are many stores selling goods at a fixed rate to grangers, and they are doing a flourishing business. "Cash down" is their motto, and running in debt is severely reprehended.

These 35,000 persons, representing the agricultnral community of Iowa, are banded together for mutual protection and profit, and are determined to carry out their own plans whatever the cost. They do not purpose to take any action in politics as an order, but will probably vote for the men who will best represent them. There are about sixty farmers in this Legislature of 150 members, and there is scarcely a doubt that the farmers of the Fifth District nominated and elected one of their own number to Congress because he was a farmer. While the Grange was in session last week, the members made no secret of their belief that those members of the Legislature who vote against the interest of the farmers will be voted against by the farmers at the next election,

MISQUAWKA.

ECCENTRIC CATS.—In the Plymouth *Journal* for the year 1828 a writer states that "there is now at the battery in the Devil's Point a cat which is an expert catcher of the finny tribe, being in the constant habit of diving into the sea and bringing up the fish alive in her mouth, and depositing them in the guard-room for the use of the sailors." This remarkable cat was indirectly trained by her instructor to sport in this manner, having been accustomed to dive into the sea after water-rats. Her love for the water, says the writer, was as great as that of any Newfoundland dog. This anecdote proves how the nature of the beast may be changed by circumstances. No doubt, had she had kittens, and fish and water rats been the only food they could obtain, they might have followed the mother's curious habit, and in course of time, the instinct becoming hereditary there might have been a race of sea-diving cats.

Cats can reason—or put two and two together in a quiet way. Sam Slick tells a tale touching this faculty which might not be believed were it not backed up by other irreproachable evidence. A servant continually entering the master's library upon the summons of the bell, and as continually told that it had not been rung, persisted in saying that he had heard it, the domestics began to suspect that the house was haunted; and so it turned out to be—not by a ghost, however, but by a cat, who, wishing the company of her master, and not being able to gain admission by reason of the closed door, must have noticed that when a certain bell within her reach rung, it was opened by the servant. Puss, noticing cause and effect, used to ring the bell, and always ran to the door and entered when the servant did—the fact of the simultaneous entry leading, of course, to the discovery of her cunning trick.

This, it will be said, was but a Sam-Slickism; but here is a still cleverer trick which is related of an Angora cat belonging to a Carthusian monastery at Paris. This cat having observed that the cook always answered a certain bell just before the dinners portioned out in plates were served out to the monks, leaving them in consequence unprotected, had wit enough of this fact—for she used to ring the bell outside the kitchen door, watch the cook off guard, spring through the window, help herself to a portion, and then return before he had time to come back.

A LIVING MICROSCOPE—A LAD WITH STRANGE EYES.—In a recent copy of the Birmingham (England) *Register* there is an interesting account of a lad whose powers of vision entirely eclipse anything of the kind ever heard of before. He is no less than a living microscope, and possesses the faculty of seeing minute objects magnified to a marvellous degree. When quite young he was afflicted with a disease peculiar to the eyes, and fears were entertained that he would lose his sight.—He recovered gradually, but it was noticed that the disease had materially affected the organization of the eye—in fact changed its internal structure, the cornea being greatly enlarged, the crystaline lens being divided into three different parts, each part surrounded with a light blue circle, and in the centre of each appears the iris, but greatly diminished in size, being about the circumference of a small pin-head. He can not distinguish objects at a distance, they appearing to him as distinct objects do to ordinary eyes when viewed through a telescope drawn out of focus, blurred and misshapen. His case is exciting great interest among scientific men, who have formed various opinions as to the causes that have wrought such a change.

Added to this wonderful talent of microscopic sight, the lad exhibits that of being able to sketch the objects he examines, and by an admirable finish of water colors can give to the world the result of his studies. He has within the last year examined and sketched quite a number of beautiful specimens of Diatomacco Polycystina and sponge syinules, that were kindly loaned him by several gentlemen of learning, their object being to compare them with other published views of the same objects, in order to test their truthfulness, and the result has been altogether satisfactory. A copy of one of the papers, photographed in Paris during the last siege, was shown him, and he immediately read the lines and pronounced the words, which, however, he did not understand not being versed in French.

WHAT'S TRUMPS.—When the celebrated "Copenhagan Jackson" was British Minister to this country, he resided in New York, and occupied a house on Broadway. Neil McKinnon, a wag, one night at a late hour, in company with a bevy of convivial companions, while passing the house, noticed that it was brilliantly illuminated, and that several carriages were at the door.

"Halloa!" said our wag, "what's going on at Jackson's?"

One of the party remarked that Jackson had a party that evening.

"What!" exclaimed Neil, "Jackson have a party and I not invited? I must see to that!" So stepping up to the door gave a ring, which brought the servant.

"I want to see the British minister," said Neil.

"You must call at some other time," said the servant, "for he is now engaged in a game of whist and must not be disturbed."

"Don't talk to me in that way" said Neil, "but go directly and tell the British Minister that I must see him immediately on special business."

The servant obeyed and delivered the message in so impressive a style as to bring Mr. Jackson to the door forthwith.

"Well," said Mr. Jackson, what can be your business at this time of night, which is so urgent?"

"Are you Mr. Jackson?"

"Yes, sir, I am Mr. Jackson,"

"The British Minister?"

"Yes, sir."

"You have a party here to-night, I perceive, Mr. Jackson?"

"Yes, sir, I have a party."

"A large party I presume?"

"Yes, sir, a large party."

"Playing cards, I understand?"

"Yes, sir, playing cards."

"O well," said Neil, "as I was passing I merely called to inquire *what's trumps*."

THE PRINTER'S ESTATE.—We find the following remarks, which all printers will agree in calling sensible, in an exchange, and commend them to the attention of the reader. They will apply to all localities in which newspapers circulate:

The printers' dollars—where are they? A dollar here and a dollar there, scattered over the numerous districts, all over the country, miles and miles and miles apart, how shall they be gathered together? The paper-maker, the journeyman compositor the building owner, the grocer, the tailor, and all assistants to him in carrying on his business have their demands, hardly ever so small as a single dollar. But the mites from here and there must be diligently gathered and patiently hoarded, or the wherewith to discharge the liabilities will never become sufficiently bulky. We imagine the printer will have to get up an address to his widely scattered dollars something like the following:

Dollars, halves, quarters, dimes, and all manner of fractions into which you are divided, collect yourselves and come home. You are wanted. Combinations of all sorts of men that help to make the printer a proprietor gather in such force and demand with such good reasons your appearance at this counter, that nothing short of you will appease them. Collect yourselves, for valuable as you are you will never pay the cost of collecting. Come here in single file, that the printer may form you in battallion, and send you forth again to battle for him and vindicate his feeble credit.

Reader, are you sure you havn't a couple of the printer's dollars sticking about your clothes? If you have, order them home immediately. Don't forget!

WHAT I HAVE NOTICED.—I have noticed that all men speak well of all men's virtues when they are dead, and that tombstones are marked with the epitaphs of the good and virtuous. Is there any particular cemetery where the dead bad men are buried?

I have noticed that the prayer of every selfish man is "Forgive us our debts," while he makes everybody that owes him pay the utmost farthing.

I have noticed that he who thinks every man a rogue, is very certain to see one when he shaves himself, and he ought in mercy to his neighbor surrender the rascal to justice.

I have noticed that money is the fool's wisdom, the knave's reputation, the rich man's trouble, the poor man's desire, the covetous man's ambition, and the idol of all.

I have noticed that whatever is, is right, with a few exceptions—the left eye, the left side of a plum-pudding.

I have noticed that merit is always measured in the world by its success.

I have noticed that in order to be a reasonable creature it is necessary at times to be downright mad.

I have noticed that we are always wishing instead of working for fortunes, we are disappointed and call Dame Fortune blind; but it is the best evidence that the old lady has most capital eyesight, and is no granny with spectacles.

I have noticed that purses will hold pennies as well as pounds.

I have noticed that some men are so honest that necessity compels them to be dishonest in the end.

I have noticed that silks, broadcloths and jewels, are often bought with other people's money.

I have noticed that all men are honest when well watched.

I have noticed that in nearly all things money is the main object in view.

A PARAGRAPGH FOR HEADS OF HOUSES.—Mothers! if you would train up your children to be useful members of society, keep them from running about the streets. The great school of vice is the street. There urchins learn the vulgar oath or the putrid obscenity. For one lesson at the fireside he has a dozen in the kennel Thus are scattered the seeds of falsehood, gambling, theft and violence. Mothers! as you love your own flesh and blood, make your children cling to the hearth-stone. Love home yourself; sink the roots deep among your domestic treasures; set an example in this, as in all things, which your offspring may follow. It is a great error, that children may be left to run wild in every sort of street temptation for several years, and that it will be then time enough to break them in. This horrid mistake makes half our spendthrifts, gamblers, thieves, and drunkards. No man would raise a colt, or an ox, on such a principle; no man would suffer the weeds to grow in his garden for any length of time, saying he could eradicate them at any time.—Look at this matter, parents! See, more especially, that your children are not out at nights, loitering about some coffee-house or theatre. Mothers! make your children love home, and by all means encourage them to love you better than all other human beings.

THREE miles from Bainbridge, Ross county, Ohio, is located a hill of considerable altitude, known as "Copperas Mountain." Out of the top of this mountain issues a constant stream of smoke, while on the summit and general surface the vegetation has withered and died, until the whole hill presents a barren and desolate aspect, blasted as if by a whirlwind of fire. It is believed that the entire interior of the hill is a mass of combustible matter, and that the fire is and has been spreading with considerable rapidity. The theory presented to account for it, is that on or about the 1st day of last October the party to whom the land belongs was burning brush on the hill-side, and that the flames communicated to inflammable matter, probably crude oil, coal, or other combustible substances, contained in the geological formation of the hill. The quenching of fire is of course impossible from its situation, and how soon, if ever, the fire will reach a point where it can be controlled can only be conjectured.

☞ I say Jim, what is the difference between the commencement and the beginning of anything?"

"I don't know," said Jim. "What is it?"

"There ain't any," was the reply.

"I see," replied Jim. "Now you tell me this: A mule was on one side of a river and some hay on the other, and the mule wanted to get the hay without wetting his feet. How did he do it?"

"I don't know" said Jones: "I give it up."

"So did the other mule," said Jim.

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